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BIOGRAPHIES

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Congo News Letter

Vol. XXXIX

JANUARY 1948

No. 1.

LOUISE LAU, CHRISTIAN EXTRAORDINARY

VIOLA L. SMITH

The hands that just handed me the sum of twenty-five francs (about sixty cents in American money) are not physically beautiful; the fingers are stubby and slightly deformed; the nails have been pared to the quick with a knife. But the Psalmist who wrote about the beauty of feet that bear good tidings should also have written about the beauty of hands, like Louise Lau's, that serve others.

The money which Lau brought to me represents half a month's salary; for six months she has been pinching and saving in order to send a gift to her sister. How like Lau to sacrifice in order to help her sister, who probably does not need help as much as Lau does, even though she had asked Lau for help in "feeding her hungry children".

Lau was brought to the Mission as a sickly little girl of fifteen in 1933. Her relatives did not see much prospect of marrying off a girl with her ailment, so they brought her to us. Proper medical care cured her and three years later she was married to one of our consecrated young students and went with him to be a missionary to the Bapelende people.

Lau's life has held more than the average share of suffering and sorrow. She has known many days of acute hunger, she has been sick far from home and those who cared, with only her husband to help. He endured the jeers of the people as he did the tasks generally done by women in this country. Imagine a man going to the stream for water for a woman! Or cooking food for her!

Suddenly Kihama died, with all the symptoms of poison-

ing. Lau was left with two little children and a baby soon to be born. She and her husband had given their lives for people who would not even help Lau to get to the hospital. She started off on a hike of more than a hundred miles, hoping to reach us in time. She had only her two little toddlers with her when the baby was born by the side of the road; a frail little one who did not long survive the remaining fifteen mile journey on the day of its birth. None of her family came to help Lau.

For three years Lau has been working at the Mission hospital to help support her two little girls and herself. Last year one of her sisters died, leaving a tiny baby. It was Lau who went for the baby and brought it to the Mission, lion or no lion. The courage that had taken her thru so many trials did not desert her on that trip. She and Nzobo had been walking all day and were hot and tired when they suddenly came upon a lion. Nzobo yelled and started to run; but not Lau. It didn't take them long to scramble up the nearest tree. All night long the woman and the girl sat in the tree while the lion roared and jumped at them. Lau's face glowed as she later told us of her experience and likened her plight to that of Daniel in the lion's den. Had not she, too, been delivered by the Lord?

As I took the money from Lau's hands and promised to mail it to her sister, I couldn't help but wonder if my own heart would be so big. Lau has known no kindness from her family since the day they thought themselves well rid of a sickly girl in bringing her to the Mission. However, when difficulties overtake them, it is to Lau they turn, for they know that she will sacrifice to help them.

There is a picture of Louise Lau in the Crusader, of July 1947 Look at her smile and see what happiness the Lord has given her. Look at her hands and see how beautiful serving others has made them.

TATA DIBU

RUTH ENGWALL

I had Tata Dibu in for supper last night to get an opportunity to learn something of his life history. He is one of the founders of our Mission work in the Congo. Most of his years he has spent working on the Banza Manteke station. Now he is both toothless and bald but he is much appreciated and valued by all of us. He always gives his service with a smile and for good measure he adds laughter.

In his young days he worked as a house-boy for the Welles. He said, "When Dr. Mabie first came to the Congo she stayed with the Welles and it was my job to make her bed." You remember that Dr. Mabie spent her first terms in the Congo at Banza Manteke.

When Dr. and Mrs. Leslie left Banza Manteke to go to the Kwango to begin the Vanga station, Tata Dibu went with them. He said, "It took us a month to walk overland from Banza Manteke to Vanga." He went as a carpenter. The first house he helped build was a temporary bamboo house for the Leslies.

He had worked at Vanga a year and a half when a letter arrived telling of his sister's death. He went home to comfort his mother. Then, he stayed home because he felt he had to take care of his mother since all the other brothers had left home and even his father had left his mother, leaving her without support. His father had bought a slave wife in order to own his children. The custom was then very rigid that only the mother's clan owned the children. Then a man could only own his children if he owned the wife. Tata Dibu took care of his mother until she died a short time ago.

Mr. Geil called Tata Dibu "*Doctor dia Sengwa*" or "Doctor of Metal Gadgets" He has been well named by Tata Geil, because he repairs everything from organs to watches. He can make new keys to fit the locks or make the locks fit the keys. He has made wheel-barrows, wagons, hinges, hasps and a hundred other things. He's our station plumber. He takes care

of the water pump at the spring. He is in charge of the big supply of salt, cement, lime, soap etc. because he can be trusted.

I asked him how he ever learned so much and how he got started. He said, "The first thing I tried to make by myself was a printing press. I made hundreds of wooden type. I tried to copy the press at Banza Manteke, but I had to give it up. I could not get the metal necessary." He couldn't make it but I'm sure he learned a lot. Then the next thing he tried was a stereopticon lantern to show pictures. He said, "With mirrors I was able to throw pictures on a white sheet and I showed some in the village church but then I saw that the young people were using this opportunity to spoon, then I quit."

Regarding his conversion, he thought a while and then he replied, "I well remember when I first became a Christian. About dusk one evening Pastor Stephen came to my house and I remember wondering why the pastor should come to see me because I was only a very young man. When Pastor Stephen asked me to accept Christ I was ready. I stood up immediately and prayed asking God for forgiveness. I wanted to be a child of God. That same evening my brother came over and Pastor Stephen asked him also to become a Christian. He too accepted Christ immediately. Our hearts were only waiting for someone to ask us to accept Christ."

Our visit ended because there were other folks waiting for interviews. Tata Dibu and I shook hands and we agreed that today too many people are ready and they are just waiting for us to ask them to accept Christ.



Thou, who art ever the same, grant us so to pass through the coming year with faithful hearts, that we may be able in all things to please Thy loving eyes—Amen.

Mozarabic, 700 A. D.

A CHRISTIAN HOME IN CONGO

RUTH E. DICKEY

One Sunday afternoon at our girls' vesper service, Kisaka who with his fine young wife teaches and helps with the girls' work, asked to give his testimony. I share it with you as he told it.

"I came to Vanga as a boy of 11 years. I wanted to go to school but when Dr. Leslie saw me, he said, 'you are too young to come to the mission school'. I was so disappointed, I said, 'But I must learn so I can grow in the things of God'. He didn't reply so I remained at the mission. I liked to study, and soon finished the Boarding School.

When I was old enough to be married I prayed about my wife, that God would send me the right girl. One day my elders came with four girls. They said, 'Choose the one you want for a wife'. They were not Christian girls and I said, 'I do not want any of them, I will choose my own wife when God shows her to me'. They went away angry and when I finally chose my *fiancée* they refused to help me with the dowry.

I first met Amaya in September 1933. She wasn't very old then. Her father had come from Sierre Leone and while traveling in this section he took a wife from near my village. When he took sick and died at the mission hospital, the missionaries took his little daughter Amaya and raised her. Amaya was a very bright girl, she finished the Boarding School and also worked in the mission hospital. I knew she was the girl God wanted me to marry. I asked her to become my *fiancée*. Our relatives consented. The dowry price was paid and in 1943 we were married in the church at Vanga. We have been very happy in our married life and in our home. I have never beaten my wife to this day.

However our faith was greatly tested when after being married four years we had no children. My elders came

and insisted that I put fetiches in my home so my wife would bear children for the tribe. The tribe must be perpetuated. If my wife did not bear children I must leave her and take another one. They went away angry when I refused. I said, 'We are putting our trust in God, if He wants us to have children He will send them to us for we are praying for children'. My elders came again and again but in spite of this testing I stood true and refused to take another wife according to the custom of the country. I left everything with God and in our devotions together we prayed for a child. Finally faith prevailed and God sent a baby boy to our home. Since then He has given us two more children. We have tried to show our gratitude to God by making ours a true Christian home. We say grace before meals and have a family altar. Our children have been dedicated to God and we want them to grow up to serve God. Pray for us in our home life that ours may be a true Christian home."

Kisaka and Amaya are both fine Christian young people serving the Lord. Kisaka went to Kimpese and has since then been faithfully serving as a teacher in the station school. Theirs is one of the few happy homes in Congo. Their home is next to the girls' Home and as my girls visit them they are learning the meaning of love and fellowship in a Christian home.

* * *

"Almighty Lord our God, direct our steps into the way of peace, and strengthen our hearts to obey Thy commands; may the Day—spring visit us from on high, and give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death; that they may adore Thee for Thy mercy, follow Thee for Thy truth, desire Thee for Thy sweetness, who art the blessed Lord God of Israel—Amen.

Ancient Collect,

JOHN LUBIKULU

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

"- - - And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

That is our Pastor Lubikulu here at Leopoldville-West. Teachers come and go. Missionaries work for a while and then move on. Men and women enter the church and are put out. All sorts of troubles come to the people and the work here. And through it all our John Lubikulu is like the house built upon a rock. He himself stands firm in the faith and in the Christian work and he helps others to stand.

Like the people of Leopoldville, he comes from another section of Congo. His village—and he counts it his home until this day—is Songolo, near the Angola border, on the railroad line and closely connected in church and school work with the station of Banza Manteke. He is one of the rare persons in this country who knows the exact day of his birth. It was July 9, 1904; and if you ask him for that of any of his children or of his wedding day he can and will tell you, too. He was the third child born in his family, but the first son. That makes him the head of his family now, being especially responsible for the children of his sisters.

When he was born his father was already in the church and was the teacher and pastor in his village. He says he doesn't know when his father was born, but when he was a young man sometime in the 1890's he came under the influence of Mr. Richards, joined the church and from then on until his death in 1925 he continued in that work. His mother worked with the women and girls of their village, and his two older sisters continue in that work until this day. Now I can understand his zeal for that work here at Leopoldville.

In 1920 Lubikulu entered the station school at Banza Manteke. He says he doesn't know exactly why, but he spent only two years there and then in 1922 went on to Kimpese, to gradu-

ate in 1925. His father died about that time and so he took over his father's work until 1927, when he went to teach in the station school. He had married in 1923 while still a student at Kimpese. His wife, Selipa, has worked at various times with the women and girls first in her own village and then here and has managed to build a home for their six children.

While at Banza Manteke he worked in the office and taught. Then, in September of 1934 an urgent call came from Leopoldville. They chose him to go, but he didn't want to come. "Someone took me by the shoulder one night and told me that I had to go. And I did."

Since 1934 he has built himself and his ideals into the very framework of the church and school at Leopoldville. By September of 1946 he had been the head teacher for several years. At that time he was asked to take over the leadership of the newly formed Lingala-Kikongo church. He did not stop working with the school children but simply widened his influence.

In June of 1945 he was asked by the city government to be one of the representatives of his people on the City Council, a joint council of Belgian and native leaders. Now he is a leader among leaders. Tata John as he is called is known and beloved and respected by everyone. We rejoice that he is still a young man and so shall continue to lead us forward for many years to come.

* * *

"*Quiet* and not agitation is the source of the highest energy."

— Ruskin

"In *quietness* and in confidence shall be your strength."

— Isaiah 30:15

"When He giveth *quietness*, who then can make trouble?"

— Job 34:29

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness *quietness* and assurance for ever."

— Isaiah 32:17

"A meek and *quiet* spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

— I Peter 3:4

TATA LUKOKI, AN EXCELLENT TEACHER

EDWIN BOONE

One of the first Congo Christians whom we met is *Tata* Lukoki Timothy, head teacher of the Sona Bata Boarding School. It has been our privilege to study the Kikongo language with him as our native teacher. Then we have worked with him in the school. We have tried to teach a course in Evangelism to the class of which he is the teacher. So, as we have worked with him and studied with him and observed his work and the respect which all of the students have for him we have come to the conclusion that *Tata* Lukoki is an excellent teacher.

Upon our request in one of our native language lessons, *Tata* Lukoki very willingly told us about some of the experiences in his life in order that they might be shared with his brothers and sisters in Christ in this and other lands.

Lukoki was born in the village of Nselo but he did not know the date. He is one of four boys and he has one sister. His first experience in school was in the small village school which he entered in 1925, then going to the Regional school where he spent two years. From the Regional school he was permitted to walk across country to enter the Central School on the Sona Bata station. He took what work was offered in the station school at that time which was only two years. It seemed that his education was completed and it was, as far as his student days were concerned for the present time. Then there was another journey. He went to Leopoldville and out from there some three hours of fast walking where he was to teach in the village of Ngombe from '30 to '32. No doubt he met many new people during his stay at Ngombe but there was one whom he met whom he decided he wanted for his companion, but in '32 he left her and his school teaching for a while. His next position was that of working in the church in instructing candidates for baptism and new Christians, in Kilamona. After a year he was permitted to come back to

Sona Bata to enter a new year in the Central School. However, some difficulty arose among the boys and the missionary closed the school. Naturally he was quite disappointed but went to Kimfutingulu where he taught for three months. But much to his liking, there was another opportunity to enter Central School. This time he remained for two years and completed his work. He had been teaching and liked it, so decided to write the entrance examination for the Teachers' and Pastors' School at Kimpese. He passed and was allowed to enter. He completed the work which they had after two years of study, then in 1939 he received the diploma given by the school to those who had finished the prescribed course for teachers.

With his diploma and few belongings in hand he made his way from Kimpese back to his own village where he taught the following year. When there was a need for teachers at the Sona Bata station the missionary looked throughout the district for good prospects and Lukoki was brought in in 1940 to start teaching. In 1943 he was promoted to head teacher, the position which he holds today. He teaches all the subjects, except music, for the sixth grade boys, a class numbering twenty four this school year. In addition he must consider, with the missionary, any disciplinary problems which may arise. Then he has to make rounds of the boys' section of the dormitory each night to see that each boy is in his own room and that every one is quiet and at the same time to inquire if there is any sickness or difficulties. In former years he had another very difficult piece of work—that of buying food for all of the students. That was difficult because of the time required to go out and find the food, to bring it in, and divide it for each dormitory group. Now there is another man who doesn't teach who has this responsibility.

The years had come and gone since he left Ngombe but his thoughts went back quite often, he was to meet that one from Ngombe — Mattie Marie — again for she too came to the Central School from which she was graduated. Then she entered the hospital where she took the Midwifery course. Later when the school for the training of native nurses

and Medical Assistants was opened she came back to enter it. She and another woman were in the student body and finished the five year course. They are the only two women who have been graduated from the Sona Bata Nursing School and two of the three who are graduate nurses in all of Congo.

On May 22, 1941, at 10:30 a.m., Mattie received her diploma and at four that afternoon they were married. They have a girl and a boy and have lost another girl in death.

In 1931 the pastor talked with Lukoki about giving his life to Christ. This he did and was baptized at Nselo by Mr. Moody. When he was asked about his favorites, he replied that he got the greatest satisfaction from his work of teaching boys and young men. His favorite subject in school is Bible. He prefers to hear sermons on living the Christian life. He has several things which one could class as his hobbies, namely: reading, gardening and music. He reads the Bible, Geography and Science. He stated very definitely that this reading which he does at home is not part of his school work. He reads it for his enjoyment and enlightenment. He has a garden four miles from the station to which he walks every Saturday when his duties at the school are over at 10:30 a.m. In his garden he raises the roots from which they make their native bread, greens, peanuts, and 'mbika' which are seeds which they take from a pumpkin and cook.

As he recalled his many appreciations for what the missionaries have done he said that their work has been long lasting. Naturally so, in the lives of people whom they have led to Christ, whom they have helped in time of difficulties. But he said, "Now, down where we live there are many trees which the missionaries planted. Now they are our trees and they give us food to eat. We need more missionaries today—doctors, nurses pastors and all missionaries. We want to mention also our thanks for the bandages which are sent out to us and used by Mama Mattie and others as they treat us in the dispensaries".

A TESTIMONY

TIMOTEO KITSANGI,

I was born about 1915 in a village named Ngombe which has always been strongly Catholic. My home influence and training was, therefore the same. But one day a lad reading a book crossed my path and then something happened. In his hand he carried a New Testament from which he was reading. I listened unobserved to the most wonderful words I had ever heard. They were from John 14. The Spirit of God spoke to me and said: Wouldn't you like to be like him? Wouldn't you like to learn to read God's Word yourself? You can if you will."

From that time on I have had hunger for the Bible and I never again had any hunger to return to the Catholic mission station. I lost all interest in drinking of palm wine and dancing. I couldn't get the young man out of my mind. He was indeed, to me, as Philip had been to the Ethiopian as recorded in Acts 8:26-40.

I applied for work at the company post and was accepted as boy to the native in charge of the post. Never a morning or an evening that I did not pray. I watched for an opportunity to apply at the mission station at Moanza, about six miles away. I knew I would never be happy until I went there for further training and help. Not long after seeking admission I was accepted and soon after that I learned to read a little. But the school was not as advanced as it is now and the teachers often used a small stick on us when we did not know our lesson, so that I was often whipped by the native teacher. Sometimes I cried and said, Paul too was whipped but didn't quit. It only increased his joy in the Lord. From then on I didn't mind so much and I applied myself more to my studies.

In 1929 *Tata* and *Mama* Bubeck and *Mama* Agnes Anderson came to us and I was asked to help *Mama* Anderson at the dispensary. In 1931 I was accepted for bap-

tism and on March 15 I followed the Lord in baptism. Tata Bubeck baptised me in the little stream at the foot of the hill that led to the mission station. I have been a member of the church ever since.

I often taught God's Word, but I am small of stature and was still very young. I felt led to continue to serve the Lord by helping the sick and continue my studies. In 1940 I was permitted to go to the medical school at Sona Bata. Due to repeated delays on the way I reached Sona Bata too late to join the entering class. I was discouraged and wanted to turn back, but the Spirit of the Lord said: "Don't let little things like that deter you in your purpose to serve me." It was hard enough for me without starting with discouragement, but I persisted until 1945 and graduated third in the class. I thank God for my training.

If any of you who read this are like I am let me say in sincerity, persevere and wait for the Spirit of God to open the way. May the Spirit of God continue to work His work of grace in my heart.



Since we didn't know the language, there would be no baptisms at this *Matondo*. However there was one man who was crippled and had walked more than ten miles to be baptized. The pastor felt that it would be impossible for him to wait there until the next week for baptism because there would be no one to go back home with him. They asked for permission to examine and baptize him. The permission was granted and the pastors and the man met together. He gave a very good testimony. The only question which I asked him which he had not already answered, was, "Why do you want to be baptised? He replied, "Because I want to show to the world that I'm saved and I want to follow Jesus." We walked down a hill, probably a mile to a small stream where the beautiful and meaningful service of baptism for this one very crippled man was held.

— Edwin Boone

AND I KNEW IN MY HEART

N. R. KOTHO

I was born in the village of Songo, and I was fortunate to be born in the family of the chief. I was also fortunate to be born into three families. My mother was a Mumbala, my father a Muhungana but our family is Musongo. Shortly after my birth the missionaries first came to Vanga. At that time there was a great deal of fighting and we often had to hide in the forest. When we heard that white people were at Vanga we didn't want to give them land or help at first, but soon the people accepted them.

My father took me to church, but although he would stay for the hymns and the teaching, he would leave before we had finished praying. When a teacher came to our village I started school. I wanted to know what this was all about to walk in the Words of God. Then one day my uncle, the chief, called me and several other boys, gave us some food, and said, "Mama Leslie wants you to come to Vanga to stay. Do you want to go?" And I stood up and said, "Yes," for I heard a voice in my heart saying that I must go if I really wanted to be taught.

During the time I was in class, I heard much about Jesus Christ, and how He died for me, so that if I would have faith in Him I could be saved from my sins. And His Spirit entered my heart, I did believe, and I knew in my heart that He was My Saviour. While in school I worked for Dr. Leslie as a house boy, and then in 1928 I began work as a teacher. That year for the first time two Vanga people were chosen to go to Kimpese. Dr. and Mrs. Leslie asked often whether or not there was any one who had been called to go, but Kimpese is far away from Vanga and everyone was afraid. Most people refused to listen to the voice in their hearts that called them to go. But Thomas Ngumina and Pierre Wangata said they wanted to go, and they were the first ones. Then a year later I felt the call,

and I went to Kimpese. My fiancée followed a year later and we were married there. I was afraid too when I went for I didn't have much money, just two hundred francs that Dr. Leslie gave me. I finished Kimpese in 1932.

When I returned from Kimpese I began work as a teacher in the Vanga school. A few years later I was sent to begin a regional school at one of our posts. And now I work as pastor of the Vanga church.

In everything I know that I have been blessed by my Saviour. I know that true blessing lies in His work. He has shown me His way and gives me strength to follow it. I am very thankful that He has taken me with all my faults and cleansed me so that I can be in fellowship with Him. He loved me first and chose me to be His brother in faith and hope. I give thanks too because His work is growing. Many people are seeking and finding His way of Truth and Love. And so I want to praise Him for keeping me, for making me know that in Jesus only is salvation.



Just to-night there was a timid little rap on my door and when I went, there was a little boy with a dish of tomatoes. "Father sent these to you. They are from the seeds you gave him." To give seeds in this country is indeed a wonderful gift. People are inseparable from their gardens here. He was such a little boy and he looked hungry. I had tomatoes in my refrigerator, but I took them. His father and he were sending their thanks to me and the least I could do was to be gracious enough to accept them. I asked him if he had had any yet, and he smiled showing me a perfect set of teeth. "There are some waiting at home. One big one is mine. Mother gave it to me to eat when I return. Tomatoes are a lovely color, aren't they? And they taste lovely, too."

— P. L. Benner

GRACE PERSONIFIED

ESTHER EHNBOU

It means something when missionaries remark about Mama Lena Tusamo; it also means something when State officials remark about her even before being told about her unusual personality. One official said, "Isn't she a beautiful woman, clean, dignified and well poised as well as capable?" In all my years in Congo I have yet to find a woman equal to her. I am not saying that Mama Lena Tusamo does not have her equals but I mean to say that Mama Tusamo is an unusual Christian woman.

She first came to us about fifteen years ago when we made an appeal for women to come to the station for a short course in Midwifery, so that they could help the women in the villages. We realized that, comparatively speaking, few women would be able to come to the station and they did need help in the villages. About twenty responded and Mama Lena was one of them. She said "It was that course that put a desire in my heart to help my friends."

Mama Lena Tusamo comes from a well-known family. Her father, Tata Mafioti, was one of the early Christians who suffered much because of his faith. It was he who was instrumental in ridding much of Lower Congo of the Initiation Camps. It was he who was sent to the Kwango area where hundreds were baptized through his influence. When talking to Mama Lena about her conversion she said that her parents had lived such exemplary Christian lives that it only seemed natural that she should follow them. Even in those early days her parents ate together and at the table. That is more than we can say for some of those who are with us on the station.

The mother of Mama Lena was a leper. Her father never contracted the disease. Mboko, a brother, is a leper and is the nurse at our leper colony. I do not know what we would do without him. A younger brother had leprosy but seems to be cured and is working for the Mission. Some

months ago our hearts were saddened when we found out that Diamatondo, (gift of God), her daughter, had leprosy. How did *Mama Lena* take it? She came and said, "She must start treatment immediately." That meant that *Mama Lena* would be deprived of the joy of having her daughter stay with her. We are happy to see that she is getting along well.

To know *Mama Lena Tusamo* one must see her at work to know her would be to love her. It is she who is in charge of the girls' dispensary. With about one hundred eighty girls it is no easy task to take care of their sores, ulcers, malaria, colds, intestinal parasites and what not. *Mama Lena Tusamo* is equal to her task and the girls love and respect her.

It is *Mama Lena Tusamo* who is in charge of the station Baby Clinic. Every Wednesday one sees a large group of mothers and babies, who have come from near and far. Wednesday is also market day when the women bring in produce. After a lesson in Mothercraft or Hygiene as well as a song and Scripture lesson, *Mama Lena* weighs the babies, some receive a White Cross garment and a small piece of soap. Some of the babies scream when they see the white *mama* but they take to *Mama Lena Tusamo*. Then with a cheery word to her they wend their way back to the village.

It is *Mama Lena Tusamo* who does most of the obstetrical work at the hospital. One need never worry whether her patients are properly cared for as she would never think of neglecting them. It is always a pleasure to see the newborn babies in their White Cross garments with their small beds made from soap boxes and covered with mosquito netting. It is largely due to her that there has been a steady increase in the number of maternity cases at the hospital.

Mama Lena Tusamo was well named by her father "Be faithful in keeping the Word of God". She has the Word of God in her heart, truly she is grace personified. May God bless her and raise up many more women like her.

SAMUEL LUTETE

H. D. BROWN

To most of the Protestant missionaries working in the Congo as well as many missionary visitors from the sending countries, Samuel Lutete is a well-known figure among the African leaders of this country. He fills the responsible position of manager of the Union Mission House at Leopoldville which has given food and shelter to thousands of missionaries passing through Leopoldville on their journeys to or from their fields of service. No matter how crowded with guests the U.M.H. may be, sometimes with extra beds put out in tents, one will always find a spotlessly clean, well-ordered household with meals carefully prepared and served exactly on time. That is Lutete's work. He keeps his staff of cooks, houseboys, and the chauffeur working with precision and efficiency, so that trains and boats are met, guests find their rooms ready for them no matter how recently they may have been vacated by their predecessors, there are places for them at table, and their comfort is assured.

Lutete is one of our A.B.F.M.S. "boys". Born October 26, 1897 at Banza Manteke of Christian parents he grew up on the mission station. When quite a small boy the Geils took him into their home where he learned through hard work how to keep a clean, orderly house, and then later discovered the mysteries of cooking. There was time also for school where he learned to read and write. When a bigger boy, he learned his father's trade of carpentry and under Henry Richards worked with his father in the construction of the Banza Manteke church. It is chiefly to his father that Lutete gives the first place among those who won him to Christ. Of course the daily life on the mission station surrounded him with Christian influence, but the father made a special point of talking to his son about the Lord and His saving grace, and he had the joy of seeing the boy baptized and received into the fellowship of the church.

When he was about twenty-five there came a curiosity about the outside world that drew Lutete to the port city of Matadi looking for work. He shipped on board the "Elisabethville" as a sailor in the employment of the *Compagnie Maritime Belge*, and for over three years was at sea, plying between the Congo and Belgium. But that was long enough for a man of Africa who was attached to his home and family and he sought a shore job. It was at that point in his career that I met Lutete, who had cooked the first meal I ever ate on Congo territory, and made it one to remember through the perfection of its preparation and the climax of a delicious lemon pie.

In 1929 Lutete came to Leopoldville where he helped the missionary director of U.M.H. Three years later, when the director's furlough was due and no missionary was available for the work, the trustees realized that they could solve the problem by asking Lutete to take over the management. His years on one of our mission stations had given him a working knowledge of the English language, the period spent at Matadi and at sea had served to give him a mastery of French, and almost any African knows half a dozen native languages without having to work hard at their acquisition. His facility with these languages made it possible to meet missionaries who were still, through inexperience, confined to English, his French enabled him to attend to the ordering of supplies and to necessary contacts with Belgian people, and his African languages put his staff under his complete control. Years of work not alone as house boy and cook, but as carpenter and tailor, and an aptitude at doing things the way other people wished them done, and withal doing them with patience and cheerfulness and Christian virtue, have resulted in giving to the U. M. H. one of our A. B. F. M. S. Christian men whose contribution to the missionary cause through his service reaches out not alone to the frontiers of this colony but far beyond it to far distant corners of the globe.

(continued on page 24)

FRANK TEVA CLARK

My Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to tell you something about my life. My home is at Palabala near Matadi in the lower Congo. I was very young when the missionaries came to my home. I stayed with my mother in a small village where she made her gardens, about three miles from the village where missionaries lived. I had heard stories about the white people and their wonderful way of living. They had brought with them some donkeys and some people said that they swallowed people and when they reached Europe they would vomit them and then made slaves to work for them. I could not think what kind of people they could be until I went back to see them myself. At first I was afraid of them, until I got used to them. Mr. Craven was the first missionary that took me. I stayed with him about three years and then he died and Mr. Joseph Clark took me.

I had heard many stories about Jesus coming to the world and that He died for sinners; about Joseph, Daniel etc. I thought they were as other stories. One of the ladies who came out with Mr. Clark often taught me about the love of Jesus, and that everybody had sinned before God. I thought about my sins and gave my heart to Jesus, and Mr. Clark baptized me.

After some years he sent me to England to learn some English and carpentry to be some help to him. I stayed about three years in North Wales. It was 'still more wonderful' to me to see the big buildings, trains and trams etc. I said to myself this country must be heaven, and if there is a heaven it cannot be better than this. But after my eyes were opened I found that heaven is not like the earth. After the three years were over, I came back to my home with Mr. Clark, to help my people. When we arrived at Matadi, he decided to come to Lake Tumba. I had two other Christian friends, Vinda and Willie. We asked Mr. Clark if we could go with him to help to tell the people about Jesus. He said. "Yes, you may go with me but I have

not much money to pay you!" We said, "Whatever you will give us we shall be contented." On our way up many dreadful stories were told to us about the people of Lake Tumba. That they were men eaters, but we and our master were not hindered by these stories we went on as we were directed by our Master Jesus Christ.

When we came to Lake Tumba the people were very wild, as the tales were told to us, but after staying with them for some time, and we got used to them, and told them about the love of Jesus, they became our Christian friends. Sometimes we were in danger of being killed and eaten by them, but now we have a church of about three thousand members, who are doing very well. As for myself, I am staying at the Ikoko village where the missionaries first began their work, but have now moved their work to the other side of the Lake to Tondo. Mr. Clark left me at Ikoko to help the Christians, we have about three hundred Christians here.

So, dear friends, this is how I am spending my life, working for the Master for our reward. Also to meet my two brothers and master who have left me and gone to their Saviour, who has gone to prepare a place for us.

With kind regards,

FRANK T. CLARK

(Note: *Tondo was transferred to the English Baptist Mission in 1946, and Frank Clark is still at Ikoko. He is now about 70 years old. He first went to Ikoko about 1895.*)

* * * * *

We invite good hunters to visit Kikongo. In recent weeks, frequent reports have come to us of the presence of lions in the surrounding district, and several lives have been lost to their greed. Early one evening Mr. Smith was driving back to the station. He was only about six miles from home when he came upon two lions sitting in the road before him. Fortunately for the lions he did not carry a gun, so he could only politely ask them to clear the road so that he could drive on.

TIMOTIO VINGADIO

GEORGE W. CARPENTER

Timotio Vingadio was born about 1888 at Lundu a village about 20 miles from Banza Manteke. His father was an itinerant trader who made journeys to the sea-coast to buy salt from the Portuguese traders at Ambrizette, and thus knew more about the outside world than most of his contemporaries. The missionaries had not yet reached Matadi Mantoyo with the Gospel message, but stories about them were plentiful. Among other wonders it was said that these strange white men could talk to one-another by making marks on bits of paper. Little Vingadio thought this was wonderful magic, and spent many hours trying to figure out how it could be done, but the secret of writing remained a mystery to him.

Vingadio's mother was threatened with blindness, and the fetish-doctor decreed that she must spend a whole year in a darkened hut under treatment. Little Vingadio was her only attendant during this time, and awaited the day of her release and promised recovery with anxious hope. Bitter was his disappointment when she came out of seclusion in worse state than before. Within a few months thereafter she died. Thenceforth Vingadio had no faith in the power of the fetish-doctor to heal the sick.

In 1898 a school was opened at Banza Manteke, and Vingadio urged his father to let him go there and learn to read. Most of the older people opposed the idea, believing that the boys "given" to the mission would be sent off to the spirit-land below the ocean to weave cloth for the white men in eternal slavery. Vingadio's father however finally consented to let the boy go to the school, where he made rapid progress and soon determined to give his life to the Lord Jesus in service to his own people.

Having received all the training the mission then provided he was sent as teacher-evangelist to the village of Matadi

Mantoyo near the frontier of Angola. With him went his young wife Lesa, who was also a native of Lundu. It took a good deal of courage to go to live in the village of another clan, but their labors were greatly blessed and the Christian church and school of Matadi Mantoyo became strong centers of new light and life in Jesus Christ. There, three children, two boys and a girl, were born to Timotio Vingadio and his wife Lesa.

In 1908 the British and American Baptist Mission united in establishing a higher school for pastors and teachers at Kimpese. Timotio and Lesa felt the need for further training, and the people of Matadi Mantoyo agreed to release them for three years to go to Kimpese. As before, Timotio was a keen student, with insatiable curiosity to know everything possible about God and about the wonderful word of His creation. Here too he studied again under Dr. Catharine Mabie, who had been one of his first teachers at Banza Manteke. Great sorrow was in store for Timotio and Lesa, however, for their two sons contracted sleeping sickness, for which no effective remedy was then known, and both died.

On completion of his course Timotio expected to return to Matadi Mantoyo, where the people eagerly awaited his coming; but the Faculty at Kimpese asked him to stay on as instructor and medical assistant to Dr. Mabie. It was a hard decision to make, but after much prayer he and Lesa decided to stay and their many years of teaching ministry to successive generations of students have fully justified their choice.

For more than twenty years Timotio and Dr. Mabie worked together both in caring for the health of the student families, in teaching, and in writing and translating many of the books that were so greatly needed both at Kimpese and in the village and regional schools where Kimpese graduates are called to teach. To put the lessons of health, of wholesome living, and of joyous discipleship to the Lord Jesus into simple language and attractive form, to find the story or the metaphor that will make these lessons live and bring them to mind when needed is not a simple task. Both Dr. Mabie and Timotio Vingadio had special gifts for this and together they made a most remarkable

literary team. Months of labor and years of experience went into little books whose very simplicity hides the skillful and painstaking labor of their composition.

Even greater has been the influence of Timotio and Lesa in the lives of hundreds of student families who have passed through Kimpese and gone out to become leaders of the church even in remote parts of Congo. Their robust and steadfast Christian faith, tried in the fires of personal loss and suffering, the quality of their own home life together, their counsel in moments of stress and temptaion, and their example of untiring service — all these have been and are an inspiration to all who know them. They will soon be retiring from active service on the Kimpese staff, but their influence will continue.



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Lutete is an earnest Christian with a desire to see a strong Christian witness among his people. One of his sons is studying at the medical school at Sona Bata and has expressed his wish to give his life in service to his people. He himself has won an honored place among the people of this city, and is one of the municipal judges sitting on cases that concern people from his own area. His wish today is that girls and women might have equal opportunity with boys and men for developing their talents and becoming useful Christians. His wife, Lina, who has been at his side for thirty two years bears a large share of the heavy and exacting burdens of her husband's work. They look to Christian friends for their prayers that they may have grace and strength for the task, and we may add to that petition our thanksgiving for all that he has done in giving us this devoted couple.

IMPRESSIONS AND EXPECTATIONS

I am in our mission office at Leopoldville. From here I see the oldest building in this city—our own small mission chapel which is in daily use for morning prayers. Behind the chapel the land recedes and terminates at the edge of Stanley Pool. Brilliant blue sky, wads of cottony clouds, palms and an abundance of Congo foliage and tropical flowers present a window-framed masterpiece. We are continually impressed by the God-created beauty of Congo and we desire to see the beauty of Jesus in an increasing number of the Congolese.

There are many to be reached and won. There are many shackled by the chain of ignorance strong with links of superstitions and tribal customs. But the believers impress us because of their strong faith in our Saviour and their loyalty to His cause. They are impressive witnesses to the work of our pioneer missionaries. More important they illustrate the liberating power of the Redeemer which destroys the Satan-forged shackles of sin. There are Christians who have courageously and joyfully served and are serving. Many have little education, some are unable to read the Word of God.

Let me briefly introduce a few of my native friends. In our village Ngombe near Leopoldville live *Mama Ngunga* and *Tata Mpika*. Mpika is the competent pastor of the church which serves a number of villages. He has an unusually gifted wife, Ngunga, who is a well-educated Bible woman and midwife. The people love them and look to them as leaders. At Sona Bata is fifteen year old Mandiango. His father once worked at Sona Bata but he became blind through the the treatment for sleeping sickness so he returned to his village. He wants his children to receive Christian training. Mandiango will enter the training school in Kimpese for teachers and pastors. His younger sister Tsotsa is in the first year of Sona Bata's Central School.

Also teaching at Sona Bata is one of the few girl graduates, Maleka. Following this one year of teaching she will

receive her diploma. She is engaged to marry another graduate who lives in Leopoldville. This well-trained young couple is one of the too few couples with husband and wife equally trained. Tsiebele a 1946 graduate of Kimpese and teacher of the highest year at Sona Bata and his wife, who entered school after their marriage, helps in the younger classes. There are couples in our medical school, the husband training as a nurse and the wife learning midwifery. We look forward with expectation to adequate Christian schools with equal education for girls and boys.

Perhaps you have visualized a few of the impressions of a new missionary. We wish the language had made a greater impression! In January we take up our real work of the Leopoldville school and church. With such a receptive people as these bright-eyed Congolese and with the unlimited promises of God can we help but expect great things?

—JANET BOONE



"*Kiambote, Mama Austin*", is the greeting I receive each morning as I pass a certain bed on my daily tour of hospital rounds! It is from a tiny black boy who endears himself to those who pass by his cheerful smile, his ragged little suit and hat, and of all things—a tiny walking stick! For you see, he is not sick himself—he is his mother's "nurse". And therein lies the story of perhaps the strongest "first impression" I received when I finally rounded the curve in our narrow road and the Sona Bata Hospital lay spread out before me. I remember stopping still an instant and catching my breath, for at once both emotions of joy and sorrow passed over me. At last I had arrived! Here was the work for which the Lord had been preparing me for many years. But what were these buildings—low, neat brick structures with wide verandas, spread out over a hilltop and all connected by covered passages to protect from the Congo storms, but completely surrounded by people of all ages? Men, women, children; sitting or lying down, cooking or washing, just as their need indicated! Surely

this was not the "Quiet Zone" of our modern hospital era, seemingly so necessary to healing. After I had caught my breath, all I could say was "Who are they?" Now I know that they are mothers and fathers, sisters or brothers who have come to stay with and lovingly care for their loved one; to search for food and cook it; to act as assistant to the nurses if need be. When Mother is ill, the children come and thus relieve her mind of anxiety as she recuperates. At first I admit I was dismayed at the oftentimes noisy surroundings, but now I realize I have seen Congo family love at work. Unorthodox? Very bothersome? Occasionally. Beneficial to the physical and mental health of our patients? I believe so. Rarely have I seen patients and relatives more grateful, more cooperative, more patient. And never have I enjoyed my work more than here, where lacking some of the very necessities, we can still see satisfied patients and happy families together in sickness as well as in health. I do believe I've seen a new medicine at work, and I pray daily that God may use me to lead these families into His Great Family through faith in His Son, Jesus Christ.

JEAN AUSTIN, M.D.



"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Especially during the past two years of waiting and continued preparation, these words from the twenty-seventh chapter of Psalms have meant more to me. Truly the Lord has marvelously led me to Congo.

It was in 1933 that I was really born-again. God showed me at that time there was a great need in my life, a need to change the way in which I was walking. After accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour from sin, many future plans were changed. During the days spent at Biola, the great challenge and call to the foreign field became real. I was willing to go wherever and whenever the Lord would lead. Following college and nursing school, I continued to

work at the Los Angeles County General Hospital waiting for God's directions. Finally in May of 1946 I was accepted as a missionary to the Belgian Congo. Oh! wonderful privilege that is mine,—to minister to those in this country.

The few months spent among these lovable people, have been a real joy to my heart. How I pray that God will use each of our lives here to faithfully serve Him: to win many more to our Lord and Saviour as well as strengthening others in their Christian walk. What a task is ours at the Sona Bata Hospital of training nurses who will in turn help and teach their own people. Continue to pray for us.

VERA MURDOCK

AS A TECHNICIAN SEES HER JOB

Every technician has as a part of the basic laboratory equipment a good microscope with three objectives—a low power objective, high power objective, and an oil immersion objective. All three are necessary because each one opens to the microscopist a new and different microscopic world. With low power magnification one can study only comparatively “large” microscopic life or receive only a general view of many things. With high power magnification increased detail is added to a fewer number of objects and with oil immersion, there is magnification of even the tiniest microscopic life.

My life has fallen into much the same pattern as this. When I became a Christian I looked upon all of life in an entirely new manner. It was wonderful indeed and I felt that acceptance of Christ as Saviour was the end. But this was merely a “general look” at life and my relation to it as a Christian. Not until the claims of Christ were brought before me for a consecration of life and profession did I begin to get a “high power magnification”. New details were added and an entirely new vision was opened to me. Six years of missionary service among the Navajo Indians in Arizona made this vision a reality and laid the ground work for my present experience.

Now as never before I am seeing life through an "oil immersion lens." To date this wonderfully rich experience is beginning to open up an entirely new world of service. Details are beginning to take shape and the many partly obscure "whys" of previous days are being clarified. If they aren't entirely clarified, at least more important things are being magnified by Christ Himself and more minute detail will be seen as He continues to lead.

In order that any successful microscopic work can be accomplished one must fulfill two primary prerequisites—one must have an instrument clean and entirely free of dust and must have a good, uninterrupted source of light. Any speck of dust or debris on the lens of any objective is greatly magnified and may entirely cover the important thing we wish to see in the microscopic field. Or an interrupted or feeble source of light will either cast shadows or insufficiently clarify the field. In any case one cannot arrive at any result whatever if either of these difficulties intervenes. Does this make the Christian think? It surely makes me think and very often frightens me. If I am to magnify Christ before others, how often do I check-mate his influence in their lives because my instrument—my life—is not entirely free from the "small dust" which becomes greatly magnified and completely obscures the testimony I wish to portray? Or how often do I cast shadows or do not show Him at all because my Source of Light is feeble or interrupted? "THE LORD IS MY LIGHT" "WASH ME LORD AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW."

HELEN GASKILL

"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." — Phil. 3:13-14

NEWS ITEMS

BANZA MANTEKE — Mr. Engwall reports that there are both encouraging and discouraging signs; an encouraging sign is the building of a brick dispensary at Lúkinga by the natives. A temporary one had been made by them a few years ago but it has proved altogether too inadequate for the large number of patients, *Tata* Malutama, our head pastor has been itinerating. What an influence he has in stirring up the minds of the people. He especially stressed the point of parents teaching their children thankfulness to God for all His benefits. We are so happy that after all these years he will have a nice brick house in which to live.

Buildings are going up slowly but surely. We are especially proud of the school building which is a project of the Banza Manteke native church, for they are financing it. Plans are also being made for the the Bible Training School for Lower Congo. The leader has already been chosen, *Tata* Timotio Vingadio who has an exceptional gift of making the Bible live. Rocks and bricks are being carried to the hospital site for the new maternity building. How happy we are and how happy the women are that their dream for a place of their own is being realized.

MOANZA — July 26- We were pleasantly surprised by a visit of the Ericksons and Ruth Dickey who had come from Kikongo in Ruth's new half-ton Ford truck, *Kilulu* (grasshopper), taking her to Vanga to her work.

Aug. 1— After a long sea voyage Marguerite Eldredge arrived at Moanza. She is taking over the school, since Eva Shepard leaves for furlough.

Aug. 10— Dr. Osterholm of Vanga came for a week to care for the sick and to perform nineteen operations.

Aug. 31— Another trip to Vanga - The Abbotts came to increase our staff.

Early Sept. A small residence of beautiful stone and cement was started for the Abbotts, which is just about ready for

the roof at the time of this writing. We are now waiting for the little Inzia River boat, which has come every two weeks recently, to bring us the aluminum roofing.

Oct. 7 — Another trip to Vanga. This time to take Eva Shepard over the first lap of her journey homeward. We shall miss Eva with her graciousness and thoughtfulness of others.

Oct. 10 — Dr. Osterholm arrived again to perform operations. We enjoyed his cheer and song as he sang for us during the week. We shall soon have to say "cheerio" to him, for he goes on furlough in February.

KIKONGO — The arrival of Grace Cooper on Sept. 5, completed our Kikongo staff. In a very few days she shouldered a big share of responsibility which rounded out the school program. She is directing the girls' school and dormitory life, conducting the evangelists' school, the childrens' school and a nursery, as well as the all-important task of feeding all the boarding students.

The Smiths will leave November 24th. for a series of agricultural institutes in the Kikongo, Moanza and Vanga fields. They will be assisted in each field by the missionaries of that field and hope that their programs for the consecration of the "Lord's Acre" will bring blessing to the Christians of all three areas.

Dr. Osterholm has paid us two profitable visits, one in September and one in November for operating purposes.

SONA BATA — After a busy dry season of itinerations, examining of school students for the regional and station schools, and *Matondos*, all are back on the station and the schools are well under way.

Dr. Jean Austin arrived from Belgium the first part of October. She had to serve one month's internship in a government hospital, but was permitted to do two weeks in Leopoldville and the other two at Sona Bata.

Miss Jean Luckey arrived in Congo on Christmas day, from Belgium where she has been studying French.

LEOPOLDVILLE — The Watkins family arrived in Leo on December 15. They were heartily welcomed by their colleagues and Congo friends. With their arrival, the Browns are released for the work of Mission Secretary. Miss Phyllis Benner left for furlough at the beginning of the year, the Boones took over the school work and share along with the other missionaries at Leo, the evangelistic work.

Our purpose for being here in Congo is of course for work with the Congo people, but here in Leopoldville we have the opportunity of meeting many American and English people, as well as many Belgians. It is a privilege to associate with so many fellow-country-men, and this year we shall be able to share some of our Christmas activities with them. A large group of the Americans met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, on Christmas eve to sing Christmas carols. We here at Leo West were privileged to entertain a few on Christmas day.

Every year the school children of our Leo-West School tour this suburb singing carols and hymns at nearly every house where Europeans are living. It is greatly appreciated by the population.

VANGA — Those coming or going to Moanza must pass through Vanga so we meet our colleagues fairly frequently. Dr. Osterholm makes his regular visits to Moanza and Kikongo. Miss Doris Wiseman left along with Eva Shepard for furlough. They sailed Nov. 2. The Vanga staff went to Moanza for Christmas.

“I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year — ‘Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown’. And he replied, ‘Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way’.”

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses *

BANZA MANTEKE

via Matadi

Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnborn, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford

KIKONGO sur Wamba

via Banningville

Miss Agnes Anderson, R.N.
Miss Gertrude Anderson
Rev. E. and G. Atkins
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith

KIMPESE via Matadi

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall

LEOPOLDVILLE II

Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Boone
Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watkins

MOANZA sur Inzia,

via VANGA sur Kwilu

Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Abbott
Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

SONA BATA

via Matadi

Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. Jean Austin
Miss Helen Gaskill
Rev. and Mrs. L. Gittings
Miss Jean Luckey
Miss Vera Murdock
Miss Emily Satterberg, R.N.
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

VANGA sur Kwilu

Rev. Ruth Dickey
Rev. and Mrs. C.J. Jump
Dr. A. C. Osterholm

Dr. and Mrs. G.W.Carpenter
(Congo Book Shop)

ON FURLOUGH

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Armstrong	Miss Alice Jorgenson, R.N.
Rev. Phyllis Benner	Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Brown	Mrs. A. C. Osterholm
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas	Miss Dorothy Wiseman, R.N.
	Miss Doris Wiseman

STUDYING IN BELGIUM — Rev. and Mrs. R.G.Metzger

* Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S.